

The love of God,

O R,

Love Divine:

Being the Subject of these ensuing
Meditations.

Collected out of Mr Gorings English Translation,
originally penned by Peter Du Moulin, Preach-
er to the Reformed Church in

P A R I S.

Digested into Divine Poems by William Wood,
a Native and free Citizen of the City of York,
now resident at Ekington in the County
of Darby.



Printed at York by Tho: Broad for the
Author. 1656.

Theatre of Cos

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Theatrical

George Washington's Travelling

Collection

Collected out of the English Stage -
of George Washington's Travelling
Collection of Pictures in

4 X 12.

Dedicated to the Duke of Wellington
by A. D. Lee Esq. Member of the Royal
Academy in Exposition of his Country's
Artists



Printed York Top: Broad Street
1812.



To all that love God, especially the Ma-
gistracie, Ministry, and Commonalty
of the Honourable Citie of Yorke, and
famous Town of Newcastle
upon Tyne.

The Prologue.

York gave me birth, Newcastle gave me breeding,
Blest be they both, for love, Law, Cloth and feeding.
Having out-liv'd the years of seventy four,
So that my seeing sence can see no more
To Write, or Read, or to discern a Letter,
Yet still to Heav'n I stand oblig'd a Debter.
For lack and losse of this my nat'rall sight,
God gives me better, his internall light,
As Understanding, Will, and Memory,
His love to land, his Name to glorie.
My heart bethought me what I ought to render
For Gods great love, 'twas love for love to render;
Therefore on love Divine my meditations
Come next in place, with lovely Contemplations.

To all the Honorable People of New Hampshire,
of the House of Representatives, and Conference
of the Senate, We cordially thank you for your
kind words of welcome.

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*Divine Poems.**Of true and false love.*

L Ove hath her Objects either false or true,
 Which all our spirits restlessly pursue ;
 That which is pond'rous here in massive things,
 Love in our souls, the same effect it brings ;
 As weight bowes earthly bodies to their rest,
 True love allures our souls to that is best ;
 This love is that which gives the soul content,
 Which in excellency super-excellent ;
 Whereas false love is mere imagination,
 Irregular, and wild'ring agitation :
 A whirling, gadding, giddy, endlesse motion,
 In true love's lore, which hath no spirituall notions ;
 Such is fal'acious love, ful'l'd with this dyer
 Of ill digestion, breedeth much disquiet,
 And's often weary, often doth despair,
 Which is no rest, because'tis clogg'd with care.
 Desire doth still continue for a fit,
 Like a tir'd horse which often gnawes his bit ;
 The most desire the thing they least can do,
 What they obey it often works their woe :
 If we with ease, enjoy that thing we love,
 This we distast, and often dis approve.
 That which we covet, and atcheive with gain,
 The lucre's often lost, proves void and vain.
 For worldly love resistance sets on fire,
 And nurst with dolour danceth our desire.
 If gazing man shall fix his wad'ring eye
 On Mundane pleasures, which in halfe do lie,

All passe away but as a glimpse of glory,
 The richest Gemm is worthielesse, transitory :
 In stead of durance, stable, firme content,
 A Chain of cares turns to his detriment ;
 Linked together for his future woe,
 For will he, nill he, Providence saith so.
 The gravest sweets are sometimes lower and tart,
 Besoof the gust and fatuates the heart :
 Riches and honour vain, and worldly pleasure
 Do waft or wain, or's rapt by casuall seizure,
 Uncertain are we of this worlds possession,
 But sure we are to leave it to succession :
 If these by easiall means they do not leave us ;
 Death shall at last of all our all bereave us :
 These are imparted on the wicked train,
 For no end else, but to augment their pain.
 Man to expose his love to things below,
 Is as to chase the wind each where doth blow ;
 For when these things as good may termed be,
 They're frail and finite every hour we see.
 The mark-man when the fowl in ayre doth flye,
 Can take no aim by levell of his eye ;
 Nor we assurance have in pomp or pleasure,
 By our designes to gourmandize base treasure.
 For we must search for rest some other where
 Then on the earth, in Heav'n, we're sure, 'tis there,
 For as the lower Regions in their kind,
 Are mixt with vapours, tempests, storms and wind,
 But that approacheth nearer Sions hill ,
 Is calm and quiet, peaceable and still :
 So shall our love be restlesse, wanting peace,
 Whiles terrene troubles cause this love to cease :
 But if in Heav'n she aim to build her nest,
 In's precious promises she shall find rest.
 And for this cause the Pilot close doth stand ,
 Near to the Card, to save from shelf and sand
 His floating ship, lest that she should be wreck't
 By needles point, he doth his course direct.

In semblant sort each faithfull Christians heart,
 Amidst confuse afflictions boosome smart,
 He shall enjoy those joyes shall never cease ;
 In that his love aims at the God of peace ;
 Which is the onely object of our love,
 Most absolute the Saints do all approve.
 This love can make us lovely, for that she,
 Can make us happy in a high degree :
 And which alone, and absolutely can
 Most happy make the wretched state of man.
 Man's ear, nor's eye, hath heard, nor seen, nor's heart
 Can comprehend, what God will hence impart
 On those in chief sincerely do him love,
 His speechlesse mercies that's reserv'd above.
 Gods love doth move mankind to admiration,
 For that mans soul is made Godshabitation :
 His pleasant Palace, which he likes full well,
 His Spirits fair Temple, where he loves to dwell.
 This Maxime *Athenae* Schooles did first ordain,
 That God or nature nothing made in vain.
 Mans boundlesse thoughts, surge as the Marine flood,
 Nothing can pass it but the Supreme good,
 Which here on earth the wisest never found,
 Must be in Heav'n transcending this vast round.
 Adde hereunto, that God the world did frame
 For mans own use, and man to bless his name.
 Amongst the various formes of every creature,
 God made us men according to his feature ;
 In stature formed staight, erect, upright,
 Lovely and comely in his Makers sight :
 That he might love his God whose forme he bears,
 Lift his desires above the Starry spheares.
 Adde that we cannot gain the Spirits perfection,
 Untill the Spirit of Spirits unites affection ;
 Which to the creature doth communicate
 His vertue, as the Sun in clearest state
 Darts forth his beams, and doth his lustre lend.
 To lower Lights, which do on him dep end.

4
Divine Poem.

True love is that which doth transforme her selfe
Into the thing beloved, and no other.
Now if a man desir'd in's extre'me part,
Love a corporeall beauty in his heart,
No're shall he by that love correct his own
Deseru'veneresse, which generally is known.
Contrariwise, by loving God we shall
Be like to God, who is our all in all.
As in a mirrour plainly we do see
God face to face, and changed then are we.
Of love 'tis said, that beauty is the filth,
Hot spark, or flame, that seeth love on th' earth,
Considerately we shall discerpe and see
What we call love, doth not with truth agree?
But such a love that's superficall,
Which covereth filth, is but extre'meall.
But God's that light all beauties doth excell,
Whose radient rays no mortal tongue can tell,
God being then the sunne and purest light,
Paternally, of shining Lamp most bright,
By consequence Heavens Oracles have proved
That he's the lighemost worthy to be loved,
Yet humanc widdome, much doth disagree
With that a Dayme, if hitn poetyfie.
For the Philosophy, that's natupal,
With Naturalists, is deemed best of all.
Contrariwise the Scriptures do declare,
That nat'rall love with heavenly holds no share,
For sence that Sathan did deafe the house
Of God, in Adam, and in Adams lineage,
Man's turned tow'ards the world in his desires,
From heay'n to earth, his grovestling thought retires,
Our earnall thoughts, our Mundane base delights,
Hold enmity against the God of spirits.
If any one have grace his God to love,
The gift's not ours, but God's, that dwells above,
Therefore our Jesus saith in's Gospell Law,
None comes to him except his Father draw;

And

Dision Prentiss

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And blessed God, whose name is holiness and meekness and love.
Did pull us out of hid evill habitation into his kingdom and
The sacred verity of thy truth in fore thy face. I
We must love God because he did us habite, ievol & avert
This also sheweth and sheweth effect, most hirw doinw but A
Of Gods true love, if mannes goddes sheweth evol & avert O
Next under heaven sheweth caught we sheweth & avert
More then this grace sheweth brith whold deford to wel vnl
For to the faithfull this doth certifie yds evol & avert A
That God with's love chieson shall satisfie, ievol & avert A
This lov's the very fullness of faith, yds evol & avert J
Traceth God's image, as the Scripture faulthorn doth
It is the mark and stamp of God's children hood, yds evol & A
For they are endow'd with love and fullness feareing & vlt
This love's the soul of vertuous, one and infinite brith et T
Hath sovereigne ministris, as older brotheres of or beloveth H
She sits as Judge, one iustice executing, sheweth evol & M
Summa up the Law, a fons Judgementis, Ad hoc & avert
This love sustayneth Many rebukes and stripes, yds evol & T
A ladder that can reach as high as Heavens, yds evol & H
She's peace of consciencys, ydding that content, yds evol & S
Is superexcellency excellency, yd be in deth sheweth evol & T
Yea it is such a day with us, boldnesse for yds evol & avert
Gives us a gale of Heaven in this worldy laud, yds evol & D
It here begins the union, yd be in deth sheweth evol & M
Communing with God, amoght the best, yd be in deth sheweth evol & T
Our thoughts and muse in this sweet meditation, yd be in deth sheweth evol & T
Cannot soar up to higher contemplation, yd be in deth sheweth evol & T
For what is there then God, sheweth evol & avert
The Heaven, yd be in deth sheweth evol & avert
Or then he long to tell vntow to stacating dwyng
The profit likewise, surely is no less, yd be in deth sheweth evol & T
Then it is sweet, which no tongue can exprefse, yd be in deth sheweth evol & T
Men are not good, nor bad, because that they yd be in deth sheweth evol & T
Believe and trust, but that they do obeye, yd be in deth sheweth evol & T
Tis said, they're good, even thoses that live good things, yd be in deth sheweth evol & T
None else is lucky but God the King of Kings, and none but

B

Who

Who now a losse in goodnesse abideth an Read,
But makes them so that lead him to the end an illug b.
Let's be instructed by God's holy Spirit y^e my berest of T.
That's love it self, so shal we have a inheret^y of him e.
And which will form our heart unto the frame
Of reall love and truest love in me. e vol ame abo DIO
Leas^t we shal make a large corporall. e vol ame abo DIO
In few of loves that are true and sp[irit]uall. e vol ame abo DIO
An itching love that is impoerant. e vol ame abo DIO
A furious heat and bratiss in desirous. e vol ame abo DIO
To wit, of vices that's extreemly wilful y^e now and a vol ent.
For chief vertus which God seekis. e vol ame abo DIO
A brutish sicknesse. e vol ame abo DIO
For a perfecte vertu. e vol ame abo DIO
'Tis doublefornesse of him that shall despise. e vol ame abo DIO
Himself, to love his God is one of thise; e vol ame abo DIO
Neglects all base and byconsiderations, e vol ame abo DIO
For serving God, with willing inclinations, e vol ame abo DIO
Though he i[n]ferreth this worldes weighty hate. e vol ame abo DIO
He's not dejected, nor disapp[i]nted therent. e vol ame abo DIO
Starts not ne shrinkes for all thy eneys disdain, e vol ame abo DIO
This worlds harsh hatred bringeth no little gain. e vol ame abo DIO
Earths brittle pleasure. e vol ame abo DIO
Do work the weal q[ui]b[us]m[od]i which I owe their God. e vol ame abo DIO
Evills turn blessings, that all the pharauins engeyred on me. e vol ame abo DIO
Whom God shall scourge with stripes corporeall. e vol ame abo DIO
The bodys afflictions prove a speciall curse. e vol ame abo DIO
Unto the soul, the Magis hould yours. e vol ame abo DIO
Heavens high Phisition by her hande will cure. e vol ame abo DIO
Can cure with poison y^e so was wroght to kill. e vol ame abo DIO
His strokes are balm, as bally. e vol ame abo DIO
Matter of patiencys set to tryours faith. e vol ame abo DIO
The passiv sufferer meekly bears his Grottegg. e vol ame abo DIO
And for Gods cause he alpeyns his flessh. e vol ame abo DIO
The fessellings goe like staves upon the face. e vol ame abo DIO
And honours great receyved in blody shoulde. e vol ame abo DIO

Conformities unto one Captain; O King, not to viles of A
 As Christian soldiers numbered in his traine; O honest eA
 And all through underpropping of this love; W
 Tartness hee impred that it sweet doth prove; S
 And maketh us entirely to rejoyce,
 But for the handes falle, had he in heart and voice. 88888
 Some one will say, and thereto doth assene
 The love of God's a verme excellent; 88888
 And that to love him we before must know,
 What is this duty which so bind we owe; T
 And that our knowledge here is most obscure, y do we
 Both dimme and dark, bemisted and impure.
 Yet in no wise we must forbear, for god our frind; T
 To study knowledge that's before us; M
 Our Ignorance must have no toleration, O
 Nor cause neglect in God's instruction. Lo said belied
 Of God although our knowledge be but small; y do we
 It us incles to love him and himselfe an i'vold liv; E
 One glimpse of his most radiue rayes and gleamis; h
 Exceeds the Sun with his most splendore beamed; g
 The knowledge, knowing God with dark'ned light; g
 Surpasseth nat ral, and the Graniles light; an additional sH
 So if a prisoner do in dungeon abyde, no We said yd an aferid
 And at a chank forcham of Sunnes eyne abmitteid an eside; M
 By that he knows the beauty of the light; Y
 Which comforteth the silly Captive wights; oif evol dud
 The petty portion and the mite of Earth w knild; aid ni en
 In knowing God, whose fulnesse all things fill; y do we
 Sufficient is for to shalight our soule self on mid guidement; F
 With's excellency, above the; Heavens plac't; a red exst
 And with his love oure souls so to enflame; y do we
 His love alone gives cause to blesse his name; sw becomest
 Besides God's knowledge that's made knowne to any; w
 May savingly sufficient be to many; a forswew iornd al
 The debtes we owe to God by oblligation; y do we
 For's goodness in his love, clift admiration; y do we

Are fully set forth to minishis Word, ^{which is his maine end}
As sacred Oracles, the same records,
Which *Paul*, the convert, preaching hat he not spated,
But Gods whole Countell made declared.



The first degree of the love of God is called *Godly affection*,
which becometh, ^{as it were} the greate and chiefest part
of the love of God.

THe first and lowest steppe is, *God to love*,
Mercies received; wherefore may we move and bestir
On this degree *David* did much enjoyee,
Blessed his God, because he had his *mercies*,
For so it must be truly, *as he sayeth*,
God will be lov'd in his goodness,
It's God that makest, preserves, and dooth all goodes,
Instructs our souls, tanbedes dooth provide,
Redeems us by his Sonnes next by his Sprit,
He sanctifies us, Helpeth us to live, ^{and} to die,
Directs us by his Word, high for god service,
Makes us his friends, ^{and} famelie, ^{and} knowes us well,
And as we seeke him, he will shew us the way,
Yea, ev'n his childe doth him selfe abdicate,
Such love like this at yearening ever would have
Plato in his blind wais to God given to have,
For three thinges which he marke that in them he
First, making him no Beatty, but on the high place,
Next, born a Greeke, and not a Barbarian,
Yet to his lustre none to make it shinen, ^{and} thow be
He termed was *Philosopher*, *Divine*, ^{and} *wise*,
We that in quainter Schooles have been instructed,
In better wayes of prayse have we not written,
His name of us ought is to be bold,
For three thinges likewise which are here express.

First, that in mercy men he did make; I know not now
 Next, that of holy truth we do partake; O Nature's Child
 Thirdly, 'mongst those who Christians call, he did no ill
 He makes us faithful, on the strength of his own heart, salut.
 A fourth, yet last, that by his grace we are begotten; By the grace of God
 He did a dove send us, to bring us good news; A joyful messenger
 For if a pregnant woman lay your head, Upon Sathan's head,
 Unto the Child which she should bring, Her pride and pain
 Her fruit unfarm'd, she sheldeth from all harm; Her womb and
 What will she do when bring him in her bosom? As she doth
 So if God lov'd us, let us never fear; It is blotted out
 Much more when we do, than when we sin; Who paid for us?
 Now in the rare scale of this special grace, I know the price
 The fewer number have the higher place; His blood
 The greater is his bounty and his plenty, A large sum pay'd
 Upheapt with misery, when the world was lost; Here is
 These graces chiefly they depend on; If we do right
 Our reconciliation, John made clean; We keep me,
 He is the Conduit pipe, which do flow; It is no curse
 All graces on the dwellers here below; He will conserue it;
 It is Jacob's Ladder, which do Heaven and earth; It is to the judgment
 Of enemies' gainst God, it makes no friends; He will confute it;
 The Angels which a sleep and do defend; Those people please
 (This Scale) our prayse and gratitude; He will reward
 Jacob his sleeping; the ladder, howe; If we do right
 Our Conscience set at rest; We have no cause
 Under the shade of Christ's cross; If we do wrong
 Doth satisfie all; Hereby we are delivered
 For ere that time that we do wrong; Hereby we are
 Man turn'd into a beast, was recorded; Since Paul said
 If upon God, he have consuming fire; Whence is this thing? O
 Arm'd against sinners, with considerate ire; O sinner, where art thou?
 If on the Law he can condemn us; Our God is just
 In the sharp sentence of his commandments; Who can stand
 If on the Heavens, with diabol; he could say; If
 Thence I'm debarr'd in that judgment. O loath'd

If on the world, he first did her deliver
 Of rule o're Creatures, he before posses,
 If on himself, he fearfully exphes,
 Thousands exult, and Spire, all now adores,
 By signes of his command Earth quakes, the Hill's roar,
 Approaching vengeance to the moughers app'res,
 Then Satan, death, char' deep house of Hell
 Frights him, which pain thy losseis tongue entell.
 But now all sore which look upon their Jesus
 With confidenc, behold him with a gloomy face
 If he behold his God, the sun is dim, earth b'volv'd
 Who him adores in Gethsemane, his Saviour
 If on the Judgement seat he cast his eye,
 His Elder Brother lies to Majesty, he
 As Judge and Advester upon the Throne,
 He'll say more, than he can say, he
 If he think on the magazine will they
 These keep me, and defend me from ill
 Our counsels will he, and his
 If on the Heav's b'fus his satisfaction
 He will conclude it is my satisfaction
 If of the Thunder he strain near the noise,
 He will confess it is his voice which
 If he behold the new John he shal say
 He saith, the Christ his Judge and Saviour,
 If he on earth have weach abond hi rose,
 He'll say in g'day he shal have more,
 If with adversity he suffer troubl, esteble
 He'll say Christ suffered worse upon the Cross,
 If he think on the Devil, Death, or Hell
 For the first time he shal say
 Saint Paul hath taught him, on the other side
 Where is thy sting (O death) wouldest cause me dye,
 O grave, where is thy force, thy victory and florie
 Our God be praised and his humedome be
 Who made us triumphate through Christ our Lord
 If these like angry Wasps bilze in bodies trans
 Their sting is lost, we need not chide so hard
 If p'cne I'm in, it's selfe

If the old Serpent he do prick our Heel,
Christ shall cast his Head, notwithstanding we han feld.
Unto the love of God, uncle obligations,
Accommon to the falchall of all Nations.
If each look back upon his time that's gone,
I dare well say of all who's is not one
But grantein before the gift where God doth lay down,
Yer private mercies, unto his o'reflow.

Freedom from danger, being at despatch, to love to God,
Good chances evidence Gods love and care to us,
Gainfull afflictions, purposed are to bring us to son of Christ,
Turn to our good, when in the world we're tributed or tried.
Shall it be said, Gods Melancholy us with misery, to make us
Make us not fruitfull, hard is it to bring us to life,
While we do say, God such us good for chiding us,
That we should love him, is no needful hind evel or grieve,
But here's the strife, in that he would us have, O love this
He wills our love, & still that he would have, I say,
Besides, if we lovd him, this the same, id not mid
This love he kindest our afflictions darg, to love to Christ,
This love's first step, though holy, sic foras, C. 17.
It but begins, to Heav'ward doth exume, v. 11.
For he that loves his God, his friends, & ye olde vidal
It like to boyes that praye to break their fast, on doth o'w
But such a love no further doth extend, nor nothing giveth
He wrong v. 11. God, and wages up his ends, v. 12.
If love of God is a nought but profit, and world is v. 13.
Then above God we striveto build this same, qu. v. 14.
And make our interest more excellent, v. 15.
Then Gods high service, v. 16.
Let him that's come unto this first gradation, qu. v. 17.
Of love, and stand still on this steep and stony, v. 18.
Know that he's much that God in us doth pardon, v. 19.
If that his wrath our selfe love doth conquer, v. 20.
Wherefore let us advance and mount more higher, v. 21.
So to the second step we shall approach, v. 22.
v. 23.

If type of a Subgroup we do pick out H₀

ପ୍ରତିକୁଳରେ ଦେଖିଲୁ କାହାରେ ନାହିଁ କାହାରେ ନାହିଁ

The second decree is to have him Ordained to the diaconate.

YES **DEFERRED** **DECISION** **AND** **PISO** **REGIONS**

Of love to God that is the sweetest joy that man can be
Solely takes him with his sayings, even so good a book
'Tis not for profit, nor for worldly gain, nor gifts illusing
It is to let him see his friends selfe and his, howe good
To wit, all gaines a better godly field above, than
Of benefit, and his friends selfe and his, howe good
Sans hope of gaines, though his lost he bringes, howe good
Saving to love him, his all else nothing alreadynge good
Of this love David speaketh in this full sentence, howe good
Saying, let al my heart know thy handes theye are full of good
To love him for his name sake, and the goodness of swiche
Because hee's soveraigne lord of us, in the world evolued
Wise in his Counseil, by his righte infallible, howe good
True in his promise, for hee is true, howe good
Inhabits glory over all creation, howe good
To which no man cometh, howe good
Soveraigne perfection he is, howe good
The Book o' th' Christian party doth declare, howe good
Whose life's without beginning or end, howe good
Essentially uperhight it standeth, howe good
Eternity in him's inamouable, howe good
His greatnesse is alike unmeasurable, howe good
His power incomparable, howe good
The great Presenter and shewre assistance, howe good
Who by his wondre the world did make and frame, howe good
And by his sighte the eye of the world, howe good
And by his will the world dominate, howe good
When he is pleas'd all shewre, howe good

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Who in one vertue and perfection he includes,
 Includes all vertue which in Creatures be;
 For these great loves so beneficiall,
 So ought our love to be reciprocall.
 Christ taught us in his prayer which he did frame,
 First, to demand the Hallowing of his name,
 And that his Kingdome to us might appear,
 Ere we petition him for profit here.
 A love that so possessest the spirit of *Paul*,
 And *Moses* also, that neglecting all
 Their hope of blisse, they wished to be blotted out
 Out of lifes book, and for their doom allotted,
 The curse of God from's presence to abide,
 Rather then he should not be glorified.
 Wherefore to plant in us this supremest love,
 Our knowing God hereto much may us move,
 It shall stand need so far as we are able
 To know Gods essence, why so amiable.
 Beauty is that by nature all affect,
 Now light on beauty doth the most reflect,
 Without which light all beauties want their rayes,
 Are but deformities, as nights to dayes.
 And for this cause when God first set his hand
 To the Creation of this earths yalestrand,
 In the begining first he made the light,
 Which him resembled, therein did delight.
 He is that Sun of Justice doth not set,
 Never o're shaded his pure light to let,
 Which doth not onely to the eyes give light,
 But also to our eyes he giveth sight.
 Guesse at the brightness of the King of Kings,
 Where Angels veil their faces with their wings,
 Whose eyes are dazled 'fore the glorious Throne,
 Where his Majestick brightness on them shone.
 If at the sight of Christs humanity,
 The nat'rall Sun as then shall dark'ned be

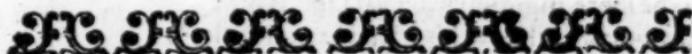
As some dark light when brighter doth appear,
 His light Divine must needs be much more clear.
 If on the life of God we contemplate,
 Ours is as dust and dung, so vile of rate,
 Mans life's a floze, and hath of parts succession,
 But God at once hath all his in possession.
 He who desires comparingly to know
 Gods life from Mans, as Sea doth ebbe and flow,
 The Sea with some small Brook he may compare,
 At so great distance differently they are.
 The Sea is very great, the Brook but small,
 Seas keep their bounds, but Brookes keep none at all,
 The Sea is owner of her floods in store,
 The Brookes have none but from the Seas before.
 Gods life and mans are semblant in such sort,
 God's infinite, Man's as a moment short:
 His life consisteth doubtlessly in rest,
 And all at once is instantly possest.
 God's all in all, his life depends on none,
 Our life, our all is from our God alone,
 Earth as it was before doth earth become,
 The Spirit Gods gifeth him returneth home.
 Gods knowledge is a pit that's so profound,
 That humane reason cannot reach nor sound;
 God knowes all things, ev'n such as yet are not,
 Past, present, and to come, he all doth note.
 We things alternately do here espie,
 But God seeth all at once with his clear eye.
 We see things present, why? because they be,
 But why things are, is God that doth them see?
 For God to see it, is, as if to will,
 His wi'lls to do, all this he doth fulfill.
 Here for to know things we them look upon,
 But God to know things views himself alone,
 Because God's absolute and perfect wise,
 All Modells are transparent to his eyes.

And

And in his will, as Judge he doth decree,
 And sentence every chance what it shall be.
 His holiness it ought to be admired,
 The Saints and Angels have not like acquired :
 Ev'n as Gods Word, the highest Heav'n doth call,
 The Heav'n of Heav'ns, for it incloseth all,
 Others inferior and of lesser degree,
 Within the highest that included be.
 So God is nam'd by proper appellation,
 Holy of holies, in his heav'nly station.
 Of Creatures holiness a quality is all,
 But God is sanctity it self substantially,
 God's self is holy, are men or Angells? no,
 If they prove Saints, 'tis cause God makes them so.
 Justice 'twixt God and Men we ought to know,
 Men are deem'd just, because just things they do,
 Contrarily is God they are just things,
 Being done by him on whom all justice hangs,
 Wherefore he's just for this, no other cause,
 Working his will prescribed in his Lawes :
 Which in his Mandates us he sets before,
 Still to obey, observe for evermore,
 And to our minde he doth the same impart,
 And it engraves within our bidden heart,
 He loveth justice, truth, and equity,
 He hates the workers of iniquity:
 He rootes out lyars, and the men doth hate,
 That thirst for blood, he doth abominate
 Of his great goodness what ought we to say,
 Which loves them, hate him, and do go astray:
 By which upon the just and wicked crew,
 Daily his Sun doth shine and still renew,
 By which he poures his blessings down in rain
 Into their mouthes, which do blaspheme his Name,
 In chief this goodnessesse that's so infinite,
 Shines in his Sonne, his onely dear delight :

This Sonne before all time he did beget,
 Eternally he him begottereth yet: the Sonne of his Father, yet of equal date,
 Both infinite, and both interminate.
 Eternall wisdom, word essentiall,
 God everlastingly beatificall.
 This Sonne whom *Ez*, calls the eternall Father,
 Would make himselfe the Son of man the rather
 That we might be Gods children, not forlorn,
 He was content in Stable to be born,
 That we might haye of Heav'n the full fruition,
 'Mongst beasts was born in poor and low condition.
 He who er st was, and is of life the bread,
 Did suffer hunger, that we might be fed:
 He who's the Well of life, he did not shrink
 To thirst himself, that we might freely drink.
 He who is life it self was pleasd to dye,
 That we might live, and that eternally.
 All this for Creatures vile which did rebell,
 That he might free them from the jauves of hell:
 These are the depths of grace, no bottome hath,
 We understand not, we must reach by faith:
 These recreate our hearts, cause admiration,
 Likewise no lesse, adds to our consolation:
 Here are the highest Testes can be exprest
 Of Gods great love to man so manifest,
 The riches of that grace Angels admir'd,
 To pry into have earnestly desir'd.
 Now to what end may all these sayings move us,
 But to love God, who did so greatly love us;
 And to admire the treasures of his grace,
 With such like joy as Saints that see his face.
 O God since that thy greatness hath no end,
 Which daut and ashes cannot comprehend,
 Thy bounties boundlesse past imagination,
 Our Spirits are stopped with this contemplation.

Our words much lower are then is our mind,
 Our thoughts beneath the truth are still confin'd:
 Of this Gods greatness speak we stammeringly,
 Our praises thee abase and villifie.
 We draw the picture of the Sun most bright,
 With a black Coal, the Embleme of the nights
 O God raise up our Spirits, and Souls to thee,
 And if our knowledge shall too feeble be,
 Inflame our love with such an ardent zeal,
 As thy pure Word is pleased to reveal.
 Thou pleaseſt to be our Father by dilection,
 O touch our hearts with filiall affection;
 Thou that dost daily give us apt occasion
 Of loving thee, addict our inclination.
 Though we be poor, in means uncapable,
 Thou only canſt make us moſt acceptable.
 All these and many more considerations
 Ingage our love by numerouſe obligations;
 These raise our Spirits, not for ourſelves (to love,
 Tis God) but for his ſake it doth us move.
 Our God he duplicates this word, it's I, it's I,
 For mine own fake, faith, ſinners ſhall not dye;
 His Church he doth reſemble to a flock,
 Whieh bears his name, and his peculiar ſtock,
 He ſafely guards her, both by night and day,
 Leaſt ſhe to Sathan ſhould become a prey.



*The third degree is, not onely to love God above all things,
 and more then our ſelves, but also not to love any thing
 in the world but for Gods love.*

T He third degree it is our God to love,
 As both in Heav'n and Earth, all things above,

And in this world what ere our God did make,
 Nought must we love but only for his sake.
 This world hath many objects, that we find
 From loving them we cannot stay our mind :
 Yea, on account it would be reckoned ill,
 If we should not hold on to love them still.
 A Father loves his Children, and a wife
 She loves her husband dearly as her life;
 Our allies, neighbours, and our next of kinne,
 They ought to share, and have a part therein.
 So man may, love his Study, House and Health,
 Yea, and with all his justly gotten wealth;
 Of these who tends a man to dispossesse,
 * Twere Barb'rous doctrine widsome will confessse.
 The sacred Scriptures us this truth doth tell,
 Who starves his house he's worse then's Infidell ;
 For pietie doth not eradicate
 These good affections, but agricole,
 And of imperious Mistresses they were,
 Makes them but handmaids to Gods love and fear :
 No more then *Joshua* would the Gibeonites kill,
 But them subjected for to do Gods will.
 For then a Father doth his Children loves,
 Bringing them up that they fair Plants may prove,
 Which in good time may bud, and fructifie,
 Gods glorious house to garnish and supplie ;
 If so rememb'ring he their Father is,
 To be more mindfull still that God is his ;
 Then man doth love his friends as is required,
 When they love God, the most to be desired.
 So to this end we do not health affect,
 Because its pleasant, painlesse in effect;
 But rather makes us vigorous to attend
 Our high vocation, thats it's proper end.
 In like sort knowledge, honour we may love,
 So that their love from God doth not remove

Our mindes, but rather us the more incite
Unto good works, therein to take delight.
And as there is not any Brook so small,
But in the Ocean at the last doth fall;
So let Gods goodnesse, though but small in shew,
Induce our thoughts his goodnesse to pursue.
Briefly, our lives and neighbourly affections
Shall well be squared out by these directions.
When of Gods love they be both Brooks and Branches,
Our sights reflection on Gods image glances.
Love not the person for his Garments gay,
But inside vertues which his worth bewray:
If yee advance a man for honours sake,
And notice else of him you none can take,
Yee are mistaken, erre egregiously,
That by bare titles yee him dignify;
Which things when as they are from him bereft,
There's nothing lovely in this person left.
Ev'n as a Horse that bears an Idol pack,
He hath no reverence when 'tis of his Back.
Contrariwise, if you a man shall love,
'Cause he believeth and fears his God above.
Read in Gods Law, & speak the truth addicte,
Just in his acts, relieve the poor afflicted,
Burning with zeal of Gods own habitation,
Such sorte to love you'l never want occasion.
If honour, goods, or life from him's bereft,
His pristine, precious vertues still are left:
And that rare excellency doth still inherit,
Rests in Gods image given by his Spirit.
I know the secrets of mans hidden heart,
To none but God aie open and apart,
And often times those friends we vertuous deem,
Do vicious prove, though otherwise they seem.
For he that loves his God should reprehend,
And if he can he should reforme his friends;

Flattery hath ta'ne away from friendship true,
 All's tems, save by reproach for to purifie.
 To chide ones friend, who ere shall be afraid,
 'Tis cructie, for so the wise hath said;
 As when hee sneat to drowning thou shouldest fear
 To save his life, by renting of his hair.
 As Moses ro d (whiles such), as rod he used,
 But turning Serpent, then the same refused.
 Such as the Brain isto the strong tough Nerves,
 And veins from out the Liver life preserves.
 And as the Heart isto the Arteries,
 Such is Gods love to mens societies.
 That is, they are but points, which do depend
 On God their Center, Alpha, and their end;
 This love Divine unlesse it be therein,
 Friendships no friendship, at the best 'tis sin.
 A conspiration, and a joyn accord
 To disagree with God the Sovereign Lord :
 Friendships that's fixt on pleasure, or on gain,
 Do loose their taft, as these do ebbe or wain,
 But friendships grounded on that firm foundation,
 The love of God, do alwayes hold their station,
 Which love ought to advance it self so high
 As friends and foes, shall have a shang thereby,
 Because amongst these enemities it's clear,
 Some marks of Godcwn Image yet appear;
 For that like Rodds, God holds them in his hand,
 Us to correct, and beat his command.

The fourth degree is to base our selves for Gods sake.

IN this aseenfion we must climbe yet higher,
For God, to hate our selues, we must aspire;
As there's no love more strong more naturall,
Then is that love, the which self-love we call:
So it's that love, which breeds resistance still,
To be subdued, doth always errosse our will.
Such as our Shirt is, which we put off last,
So self-affections cleaves to us full fast:
A combate great by force we here must fight,
Against the roaring Lyon much of might:
It's Sathan's last intrenchement and his gay,
From whence Gods power must drive the Fiend away.
None loves God truly, as it is his due,
Hates not his nature, it's desires eschew,
Against these Rebels doth not daily fight,
Untill these mortall foes he put to flight.
Being desirous with firm resolution
To end this warre by death, and dissolution,
And of his blood here to be prodigall,
So that Gods glory suffer not at all;
And of this body to waxe wondrous weary,
As the poor Captives long in prison tarry.
Like to the prisoner looking though the Grate,
Longs for enlargement by his liberate.
Look not for out-let at the prison gate,
But for your freedom when tis ruinate,
He with himself holds warre and doth not cease,
He with his God shall have perpetuall peace;

He that himself doth not assume to pardon,
God him remits, with his free grace for guerdon,
He that despiseth life, the same doth hate,
Shall save his life, bought with a precious rate.
We're on the fourth degree, or steep of love,
The highest in this life, we heav'nward move;

'Twas this degree enforced Paul to cry,
Ah, who shall free me from this misery?
Who shall deliver me while I have breath,
From this bigge burden, body of this death?
Of love it was this step, or this degree,
Which caused David in his Sovereignty,
(Having quite quell'd his foes and them suppress'd,
With wealth and honour dignified, possest,) to confess
Confesse himself a stranger here to be,
Waifaring through the vale of misery.

In that our Martyrs sufferings were approved,
'Twas God they lov'd, and were of him beloved;
Bodies of brassie, and muscles arm'd with steel,
They did not wear, but had the sence to feel,
For fire and sword, no rackings ought could pain them,
God in their suffering did all times sustain them,
If their thus suffering cause no reformation,
Then doubtlessely they'll serve for condemnation,
Those that to this degree of love attain,
A hard, sharp copshē they must all sustain,
Our flesh is mutinous, and doth rebell,
Rooted in evill, hard for to expell:
It hand or foot, or member that's most dear,
Dismember them, if vicious they appear,
Victorious are we after bonds and thrall,
But we must wrettle though we catch a fall.
As in a croise-way man is set to stand,
Sometimes the spirit then fighthers upper hand,
Between the love of God and worldly love,
Some strange suggestions do him try and prove.

How

How oft is it after Gods love prevailed,
By fresh assaults the faithfull are assailed;
And the fresh forces the Spirit do with stand,
Against Gods fear, and love themselves, do band.
The faithfull being by these appetites,
Beset, with lusts, and such like lewd delights,
Shall feel this love of God within his heart;
Thus speaking, Man, whence is it thou dost start?
O wretched man, whether now wilt thou go,
Doth not God see, thy inclination know?
Despisest thou his menace and his frown?
Rejectest thou his promises to own?
Forgettest thou thy honoured high vocation?
Dares thou provoke Gods Spirit to indignation?
Why shouldst thou on his Church a scandal bring,
Since Christ thereof is Sovereign, Lord, and King?
Where are the promises which thou hast made him
For guifts receiv'd? as yet thou hast not paid him.
Is this the way to Heaven thou dost devise?
And being fall'n, art thou assured to rise?
And for short pleasures which have lost their taste,
Thy peace of Conscience must it be dispai'd?
For pottage wilt thou of thy right bereave
Thy self, and vainly so thy birth-right leave?
At these suggestions will the faithfull stay,
Crosse his desires, and let them bear no sway.
But all's not done, our frailtie's yet not quelled,
Nor froward flesh which hath so long rebell'd.
For after these our holy resolutions,
We have great dulness, causing diminutions:
And then the Divell doth espy occasion,
Makes a fresh onset, by a re-invasion.
If we be idle, use bad company,
Neglecting pray'r, or duties else of piety:
Then our desires do rouze themselves again,
The Flesh and Spirit for mastery have attain'd.

Which makes the faithfull in this restless strife, do w^tth
Desire his death, and's weary of his life.
O wretched nature, it selfe enemy, of his selfe
Destroys it selfe pursuing misery :
O thou corruption that takes root so deep,
O mutinous sedition, that doth keep
In us hostility, and doth not slack,
But us as slaves to Egypte would bring back.
Wrech like Lot's wife, lookes back with her desire,
On sinfull Sodom, flaming all with fire,
If we have thoughts, that fixed are on death,
Our flesh will whisper, we may yet long breath,
If we shall hear or read Gods sacred Word,
Threatning our swine by his glittering sword:
It soothes us up, and doth us so perswade
VVe are secure, to others it is said.
If we Heav'n's glory shall reuain, consider,
It will suggest, we shall come early thither,
If thou incited be to help the poor,
It doth suggest, it will impair thy shone,
If thy friends frailty thou woldst reprehend,
'Twill overaw thee lest thou him offend.
Each good affection hath ev'n as it were
Like to a Pot, on either side an ear,
By which the world and flesh sake hold upon,
Striving to let the execution,
Rebekah's steps we next must imitate,
VVho, great with Childe, her God did supplicate,
VVho instantly relolved her request,
Two striving Twins they did her womb molest:
A lively figure, not so old as tyme,
Of man, it represents the old and new:
The old man's carnall by corrupted nature,
The other new, is the regenerate Creature,
As in a conflict both do daily strive,
And are at odds so long as we're alive.

Unto Rebekah suit God did decree,
The old unto the young should subject be.
The flesh unto the spirit must be subjected,
And by that means shall be of God accepted.



*The fifth degree is that wherewith we shall love God
in the life to come.*

Now here remains the last and chief degree. This highest step is Heaven's felicity, which is the love wherewith at last we shall Love God in's glory that's Celestiall. For we love things by nature here below, According as by science we them know; VVe therefore shall God love much better then, With love of Saints, and not as mortall men. Now (as th' Apostle saith) we know in part, But then revealed, open, and apart. As in a Glasse we see, but here obscurely, But then perspicuously, as Christ all purly, When he in glory shall consummate grace, Then shall we see as it were face to face, Our love which here distractedly doth stand, And sees farr off, shall then see near at hand. Our love on God shall openly fixed be, Being the object of felicity. As when two swelling Rivers proud and high, Encountring each other furiously, They joyn in force, and by their strong invasion Do make a marvellous flood, and foundation, So that the love of God and self affection Are like two streams on earth, have no connexion,

Which nowhere else herefor shall have choicemitting,
 'Till they in Heav' & each other give the greeting,
 When these affections twain shall be commixt,
 And in one love are fast and firmly fixt,
 For then in loving God our selves may love,
 Because that league God doubtless will approve,
 And dwell in us where he delights to dwell,
 Resembling him whose a or g no tongue can tell.
 For Saints and Angels they undoubtedly
 Do love themselves with ardent servency.
 Let us forbear to love (untill that time)
 Our selves, or ought in us doth not incline
 Our hearts, and make them hopefull of this love,
 Which is eterniz'd in the Heav'ns above.
 But now for that this love, wherewith we shall
 Love God in Heav'n, is supernaturall,
 Springs from the view, and lovely contemplation
 Of his own face, by yond admiration.
 Love is not kindled else but by the sight,
 Let's learn what sight this is brings this delight,
 Our bodies eyes two wayes discern and see,
 Or apprehending what the image be:
 For so the bodies to our view exposed
 They are apparently visibly disclosed.
 Or by intelling to our nat'rall sight
 The thing we see, which truely is the light,
 So do we see the day, no otherwise,
 Then that it daily enters in our eyes:
 Now God that is the chief supremest sight,
 In's glory will shew souls that hoc' s most bright;
 For in his Saints he keeps his habitation,
 And's in them all in all without cessation.
 But in this life we in his works behold
 His wondrous workmanship so manifold,
 In which he made in a place impression,
 As't were his verius picture, past expression.

Therefore

Therefore as now we see the nat'rall light,
Then shall we see our God with such a sight.
But now we see it not but with these eyes,
The bodies windowes, and no otherwise.
For then the light of God through all our parts
We shall receive, which holifies our hearts,
Ev'n as a man were only eye throughout,
As he should see at once things round about.
This sight of God it will assuredly
Transform us, like himself, in puritie,
For as a mirrour by the Suns reflection,
Shines like the same in clearnesse sans defection:
For God receiveth none to contemplate
His face, save those are in Celestiall estate:
He doth transform them, that the semblant prove:
Like to himself, irradiate in love.
As God himself is perfect love and charity,
It man behoves to imitate his partie;
Upon this view and heavenly radiation,
Should be inflam'd with loves association,
And burn with heat of this hot spirit all fire,
Whose ardency the Saints in light acquire.
A fire which to the Seraphims gives name,
So call'd because their ardour aye inflames
The summe of all is their officious love,
Their fervent zeal their service to improve.
Here these degrees and steps of love must end,
For higher Heav'n-ward we cannot ascend:
Of Jacobs ladder this step is the last,
By which we mount where speechlesse joyes are plac't.

FINIS.
